

# ARUBA NEWS

VOL. 7, No. 9

PUBLISHED BY THE LAGO OIL & TRANSPORT CO., LTD

JULY 5, 1946

## May "C.Y.I." Awards Total Fls. 325

Coming up with a suggestion that greatly improved the expansion joint at the SO 2 production plant, George Larson became the high "C.Y.I." winner for the month of May with an award of Fls. 100.

Other lucky ones were:

Maurits De Kort, Fls. 10.00, install "Drive Slow" sign at blind corner from main refinery road to Powerhouse No. 1.

This idea resulted in the installation of a traffic caution sign at the spot mentioned and it will serve as a safety measure.

Paul Bennett, Fls. 10.00, install walkway over pipe lines near Crude field Pumphouse.

In the interest of the safety of the personnel involved in the area, the walkway was installed.

George Barzey, Fls. 10.00, install identification signs at Docks.

A complete survey was made in the area and as a result a number of safety and name signs were installed.

Oscar Copra, Fls. 15.00, additional paper cutting machine for Blueprint room - T.S.D.

This idea will result in the increased production of prints which has at times been slowed down due to the fact that they were coming off the machine faster than the existing paper cutter could handle them.

Continued on Page 2

## E. A. C. Election Completed



For the past three days (July 3, 4, and 5), balloting has been taking place in the final election of Employees' Advisory Committee members. A tabulation of results will appear in the next issue. Above, Rupert Jallal, member of a sub-committee which also included S. Joseph and H. Chand, is tacking up a poster near the Dispensary. Besides Mr. Jallal, the election committee included Erskine Anderson, Luciano Wever, Henry Nassy, John Walker, Juan Koolman, and Ricardo van Blaricum.

## Officers Elected at Meeting of Directors

The first meeting of the Board of Directors of Lago Oil & Transport Company, Ltd. to be held in Aruba took place June 13.

General Manager L. G. Smith was elected president of the Company, a post he has held for a number of years. T. C. Brown, Lago's comptroller and recently made a director, was elected secretary and treasurer.

C. E. Lanning was elected vice-president, and the Board appointed D. R. Brewer assistant secretary, and E. G. Lindroth assistant treasurer. The three last-named officials are in the New York office of the Standard Oil Company (N.J.).

The Board will meet regularly in Aruba at quarterly intervals, the second Tuesday in January, April, July, and October.

## Jonkuman di 74 Aña Ta Haya Poz di Awa Dushi

Ora un homber coba un poz seis pia hancho y 108 pia hundu den piedra di koraal cu nada otro sin hermentnan chikito di man, sigur ta nobedad. Pero mas ainda, e cobador di poz ta un homber di 74 anja cu lo haci 75 na September.

Asina a pasa cu Johannes Rasmijn di 74 anja di edad, ex-empleado di Compania den Carpenter Department, cu a haya awa dushi dia 21 di Juni despues di a coba 108 pia den cunucu banda di su cas cu ta keda na Weg naar Sero Pretoe (Caminda pa Sero Pretoe), mei milla pa nord di San Nicolas. Y tur e trabao e mes a haci, cu algun yudanza di su casa y algun nieto chikito.

### Principio tabata 30 anja pasá—

Ta na anja 1916 (promé cu hopi di e lesadonan a nace) cu Shon Johannes a saka permit y a cuminsa coba su poz. E tabatin e buraco cobá te 10 pia hundu (ainda bo por mira e marca), ora cu un cantidad di Arubiano a sali bai Cuba pa traha den cunucu di canja. Johannes tabata un di e hopinan. A dura 30 anja promé cu el a bolbe baha den e poz.

El a keda algun tempo na Corsouw y el a traha pa Lago di 1930 te 1940. Atrobe a dura 6 anja promé cu el a cuminzá coba. Dia 2 di Januari, 1946 el a cuminzá grabatá y raspa den fondo di e poz, y despues di 6 luna el a haya loque e tabata rondia.

Den tempo di awor cu dinamiet y drillnan ta bale la pena di nota cu e trabao a worde haci henteramente cu drillnan chikito cu el mes a traha di baranan di hero. E tabatin kustumber di kima tirenán bieuw di auto den fondo di e poz pa haci e koraal bira moli, segun e esaki tabata yuda.

Ora e tabata na mesa dia 21 di Juni merdia, el a bisa su hendenan cu e ta kere cu e awa ta cerca, y djei el a bolbe baha den e poz y el a sigui traha na claridad di un mecha den un butishi di janever jená cu kerosene. Och'or e awa a spruit y Johannes mester a sali unbez, pasobra pronto e awa a yega na un altura di 10 pia.

Awor tur loque falta ta di traha un rand di cement na boca di e poz (un trabao simpel pa e jonkuman di 74 anja), algun formalidad cu Gobierno y Johannes Rasmijn por cuminzá bende e awa, cu a dura 30 anja pa el a haya.

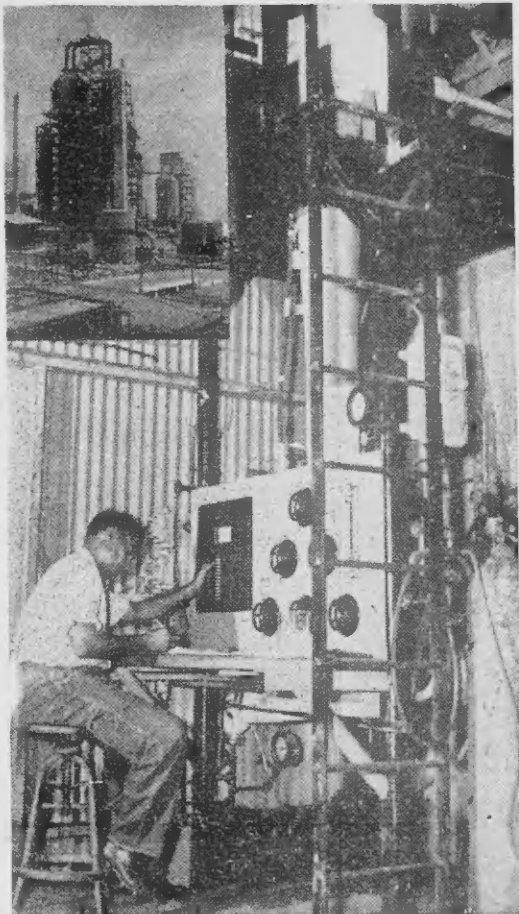


Aki bao nos ta mira Johannes Rasmijn, cobador di poz di 74 anja. E ta pará banda di su cosnan di trabao, cu cualnan el a traha su 18 drillnan cu el a usa pa coba e poz. Na banda drechi den e bankschroef tin un drillnan. Mira na pagina 8 un portret di Johannes y su poz.



## A Litter of One

If cats can have kittens, why can't Cat-Plants? The answer is that they can. Tucked into a corner of No. 3 Laboratory is an assortment of tubes, gauges, dials, thermometers, beakers, flasks, and wires. To the unaccustomed eye of the non-chemist this might look like just another pile of lab equipment, but those in the know recognize it as the Cat-Plant's "kitten". The reason for the



A miniature edition of the mighty giant shown in the small picture, the apparatus where Archibald Stevenson is recording results is a 10-foot model of the 20-story Cat Cracker. The whole model at No. 3 Lab. would fit into some of the pipes on the big unit, yet for test purposes it reproduces many of the results obtained on its parent.

name is that on a much smaller scale the "kitten" will do the same things as the full sized "Cat".

Set up here a year ago after having been built in Bayway, the small unit is used to run the various tests in connection with Cracking Plant activities. The little unit stands about ten feet high and is much the same in design as the "Cat-cracker".

To get an idea of the difference in magnitude of the operations of the two, in the twenty-minutes-at-a-time that the kitten is run, it is fed 530 cc. of a standard gas oil to be cracked and tested. These periods produce about 80 cc. of product. But across the street from the Lab., the process is carried on on a somewhat larger scale. In the same twenty minute period about 57,343,750 cc. of oil are fed to the giant cracker and the result is roughly 23,118,000 cc. of aviation gasoline. As might be suspected, "baby" does not have quite the appetite for catalyst that mama has. While the baby is using 0.8 of a pound of catalyst, the Cat itself is running with 680,000 pounds in its innards.

Though the baby can never reach the proportions of its parent it goes on day by day doing its small but important part in the work of the refinery.

At left is Johannes Rasmijn, expert well-digger at the age of 74. No hardened arteries here! He is standing next to the forge where he made the 18 drills he used up in hand-drilling a 108-foot well through solid coral. For story see page 8.

Save that shirt--  
--Sew that sheet  
(See page 2)

# ARUBA **Esso** NEWS

PUBLISHED AT ARUBA, N. W. I., BY THE LAGO OIL & TRANSPORT CO., LTD.

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## Any Notches Left?

One of the commonest occupations for civilians during the war years was "tightening up their belts another notch". Many, of course, through patronizing black markets or developing channels of favoritism, never really felt the squeeze of war-time shortages; most ordinary people, though, tightened up their belts with each new shortage and dreamed of the postwar years when there would be plenty of everything.

The postwar years are here, but plenty of everything hasn't arrived. In fact, all indications are that things are going to get a great deal worse along the supply line before they even begin to get better.

Everyone who reads a newspaper, listens to the radio, or shops for food or clothing knows that goods of many kinds are harder to buy now than at any time during the war. What many may not realize, though, is that this situation may last for a long time and is likely to become more difficult.

This is confirmed by a Colony Service Department representative who has just completed a detailed survey of buying possibilities in the United States, particularly the New York area. Normal legal purchases of food and clothing are extremely difficult to make. Many things can be secured in the black market, that are not obtainable otherwise, including all the steaks, white shirts, and nylon hose anyone might want. The Company's Purchasing Department, however, will not operate in the black market field.

An outgrowth of the shortages is the U.S. government's tightening up of export license control. Last month, for example, it was necessary for the Purchasing Department to send a man to Washington in an attempt to secure an export license for work gloves and work trousers to be sold in the Commissaries here. During the war the Company received priorities because of its position as a great supplier of indispensable petroleum products. Now, however, priorities are past, and Company buyers compete on an equal basis with everyone else that is clamoring for limited supplies. Moreover, even when supplies are available, export restrictions may make it impossible to get them out of the country.

It all adds up to the fact that many of the essentials of life, especially food and textiles, may be increasingly hard to get, and it will be some time before that tight wartime belt can really be loosened up.

In a recent article in a New York newspaper, Ralph Hendershot, a noted financial writer, stated that traditionally, the name "Standard Oil" flashes in people's minds a



## Departmental Reporters

(Dots indicate that reporter has turned in a tip for this issue)

Simon Coronel	Hospital
Bipat Chand	Storehouse
Sattour Bacchus	Instrument
Gordon Olivier	Electrical
Luciano Weaver	Labor
Simon Geerman	Drydock
Henway Hirschfeld	Marine Office
Iphig Jones	Receiving & Shipping
Erskine Anderson	Acid & Edeleanu
Sam Vispre	L. O. F.
Fernando Da Silva	Pressure Stills
Bertie Viapree	C.T.R. & Field Shops
Hugo M. Vries	T.S.D. Office
Pedro Odor	Accounting
Mrs. Ivy Eutim	Powerhouse 1 & 2
Jacinto de Kort	Laboratories 1 & 2
Henry Nassy	Laboratory II
Harold Wathey	Lago Police
Mrs. M. A. Mongroo	Esso & Lago Clubs
Elsa Mackintosh	Dining Halls (3)
Eric Crichtow	Hydro-Alky
Alvin Texeira	Gas & Poly Plants
Calvin Maxwell	M. & C. Office
Federico Ponson	Masons & Insulators
Edward Larmonie	Carpenter & Paint
Edgar Connor	Machine Shop
Marlo Harris	Blacksmith, Boiler & Tin
Caia Abraham	Pipe
Jan Oduber	Welding
John Francisco	Colony Commissary
Jose La Cruz	Plant Commissary
Ricardo Van Blaricum	Laundry
Claude Bolah	Colony Service Office
Hubert Ecury	Colony Shops
Harold James	Garage
Edney Muckleman	Personnel
	Sports

## Improved K.L.M. Service Begins

Linking the Western Hemisphere with the Eastern, a transatlantic service inaugurated by K.L.M. June 6, now flies the 5627 miles from Curaçao to Amsterdam in 36 hours. The change in route, which takes present flights through New York, cuts the flying time considerably as compared with the just-under-three-days time of the longer route through Africa, Portugal, and South America. It now is possible to make a complete round trip from Amsterdam to Curaçao in a week-end and still have a full day in Curaçao when you get there.

In addition to these new transatlantic flights, there will shortly be put into service three new DC-4s on the main lines in the Caribbean which will greatly reduce the time to and from Miami.

Recently received by K.L.M.'s West Indies Division was the Inter-American Safety Council's "Aviation Safety Award" for flying the whole of 1945 without a single accident to passengers or crew.

C.Y.I. Cont. from page 1

Herbert Morgan, Fls. 10.00, install toilet facilities for Dockmasters. As a convenience to the Dockmasters the toilet was installed.

Sidney Cobbins, Fls. 25.00, lighting for barge at Dry Dock. The installation of three lights on the barge at the Drydock will eliminate a safety hazard.

Prosper Tackling, Fls. 15.00, extension to wall at No. 12 aviation unit. The adoption of this idea resulted in the elimination of a definite safety hazard.

Max Trott, Fls. 25.00, assign private phone to chairman of the E.A.C. and list same in phone directory. As a result of this idea the names of all the Committee chairmen were listed in the classified section of the telephone directory.

Oscar Ramotar, Fls. 20.00, make wedges to maintain proper reach and foundation for link belt crane. This idea led to the solution of the problem of maintaining a safe and proper position when loading sulfur with the link belt crane.

Gilberto Croes, Fls. 10.00, give employees 10% discount on kerosene. The "Esso" coupon books will now be good for kerosene bought at the Esso Service station and also from Ruiz' tank wagons.

Wayne Meisenheimer, Fls. 15.00, improvements to bulletin boards. The bulletin boards throughout the refinery will now be divided in half, with one half showing "New" items and the other showing "Fixed" items.

Martin Richardson, Fls. 10.00, relocate lights over east blower turbine and west blower discharge at PCAR. Due to the relocation of these lights, better lighting and safety conditions will result.

Wilfred D'Aguiar, Fls. 15.00, install extension on valve of bottoms pump discharge on No. 4 & No. 7 Rerun Stills. As a matter of convenience to operators the extension will be installed on the valve.

Segundo Zara, Fls. 25.00, install 1" steam connection at No. 1 & No. 2 Pitch Stills. This steam connection will result in smoother operation and fewer repairs.

Matthew Farrell, Fls. 10.00, supply Cleanout truck with portable ramps for unloading drums. This idea brought into practice a satisfactory solution to the problem.

## NEW ARRIVALS

- A son, Edward Hendrik, to Mr. and Mrs. Henri Donk, June 10.
- A daughter, Dominica Margarita, to Mr. and Mrs. Damasco Van der Linden, June 10.
- A daughter, Terece Patricia, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ellis, June 11.
- A son, Pedro Esteban, to Mr. and Mrs. Emilian Van der Linden, June 12.
- A daughter, Bonice Albertine, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Illis, June 14.
- A daughter, Pearl Hilary, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McLeod, June 14.
- A son, Rudy Stefanus, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leysner, June 15.
- A son, Alexander, to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kux, June 15.
- A son, Adalías Agustín, to Mr. and Mrs. Michel Laurence, June 15.
- A daughter, Helena Francisca Marcolina, to Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Weaver, June 18.
- A son, Robels Gerald, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Hopmans, June 19.
- A daughter, Louisa, to Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Henriquez, June 21.
- A son, Gary Michael, to Mr. and Mrs. George Nobrega, June 21.
- A son, Ronald Errol, to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Clauzel, June 21.
- A son, Herman Stanley, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Riffeld, June 22.
- A son, Christino Paulino, to Mr. and Mrs. Lemiet Kock, June 22.
- A son, Innocencio Nicanor, to Mr. and Mrs. Juan Koolman, June 22.
- A son, Agripino Roman, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominico Solognier, June 23.
- A daughter, Kathleen Agnes, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bunyan, June 23.
- A son, to Mr. and Mrs. Esteban Rasmijn, June 24.



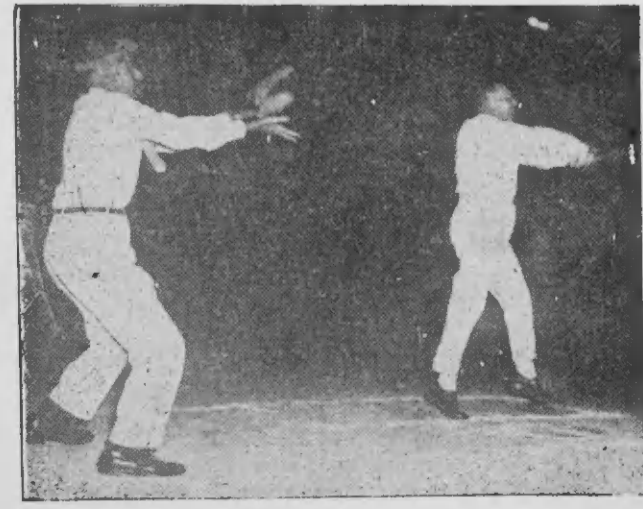
„Hey Joe, bo veter ta los!“  
Ora bo mira algo cu por causa un accidente.  
REPORTA ESEY!

thought akin to "power" or "wealth". The Company, he stated, might better be thought of as a large shareholders' association with many thousands of ordinary people owning stock. It is owned by 160,000 stockholders, some of whom undoubtedly are rich, but there are many more thousands who are just run-of-the-mill citizens. Comparing the 5,816 stockholders of 1912 with the present number, it is apparent that the ownership of S.O. (N.J.) has been much more widely distributed and the realization of a greater responsibility to the public no doubt developed with this expansion. As an evidence of this realization, he pointed out that of over 5,000 Company employees who have been released from the service, all but 250 came back to the job.

## Correction

In the Aruba Esso News of May 24 it is stated that "the Esso Transportation Company will own all ocean tankers not under the U. S. flag". In reality, it is not contemplated that this company will own any vessels other than the Lake Tanker Fleet formerly owned by Lago Shipping Company, Ltd.

Their principal role, aside from chartering agency matters, will be the operation of vessels owned by other affiliates under management agreements. In this manner they will operate ships owned by Anglo and certain vessels of the Panama Transport Company which are assigned to them. They will also lend any required assistance to other marine affiliates in Europe.



L. G. Smith opens the softball season at the Junior Esso Club field by knocking first-ball pitcher O. Mingus out of the box with a hard line drive to first base, while Marine Manager J. Woodward waits in vain for the pitch that never reached him. At right, Walter Spitzer of the School faculty and player-coach with the High School team, starts his outfit on a seven-run rally by knocking the ball clear out of the park with the bases loaded. It wasn't enough, though, and T. S. D. registered the first win of the season.





Publicizing the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the throttle death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt that, perhaps the stickful of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

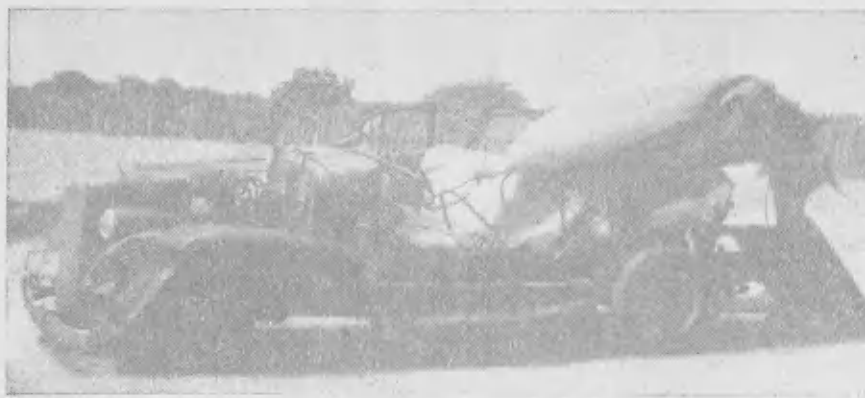
Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, many bad stretches of road everywhere would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officier cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper, "I hated to spoil their party". "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist, "I saw you stop him—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare to paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgement, ought to be well worth your while.

I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the

## --AND SUDDEN DEATH



Ten years ago the "Reader's Digest" printed "And Sudden Death", by J. C. Furnas. Since then it has appeared in hundreds of thousands of reprints, shocking drivers into a realization of their responsibility to drive safely. Short of actually witnessing a fatal accident, it remains one of the best means of illustrating what a deadly object a mishandled automobile can be.

doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction, and since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Twentieth Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and outstepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood, no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap, as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers..... It's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is instantly settled by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes on traffic like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet almost head on in a swirling, grinding mash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quiet way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and the dying, even oblivious of the daggerlike sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree, that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, laying across the lap of her daughter who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sideways twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular

side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keeled edge decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail come through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end..... not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was smashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy-duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is, there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then, take it easy.

# LA MUERTE DI CABEI-BOTO

Diez anja pasá Reader's Digest a publicá un artículo skirbí pa J. C. Furnas, titulé "And Sudden Death". Despues di esey el a bolbe worde publicá miles di beces pa haci chauffeurnan realizá nan responsabilidad di corre cu cuidao. Algun dia pasá nos a mira un accidente fatal y pa muestra un bez mas consecucionian di un auto mal gestuur, nos ta publicá aki bao un fraducucionian di es artículo.

Publicación di e total di accidentenan di automobiel — casi un millón anja pasá, cu 36,000 morto — no ta haci un chauffeur realizá e risconan terribel di stuurmento. E no por mira den cifernan seco e realidad di sanger y agonía. Cifernan ta excluí e dolor y e horror di mutilación salvahe — ke meen antó cu nan ta excluí e parti principal. Mester di algo mas concreto pa por haci impresión. Weitando loque a resta despues di un accidente terribel of di tende cu e homber cu bo a mira bon-bon síman pasá, ta drumí awor den hospital cu su lomba kibrá, lo haci cualkier chauffeur cu no ta un loco di nacemento baha speed, aunque sea temporalmente.

Pero loque ta necesario ta e realización cu ki ora cu bo primí di mas riba pedal di gasoline, La Muerte ta di cabeiboto banda di bo, yen di speranza di waak su chens. Podiser bo a yega di mira un accidente horribel, pero no kere cu esey to algo raro cu no ta socedé mas bez. Sorto di cosnan asina ta socedé tur ora y tur caminda. Si berdaderamente bo ta realizá esey anto ora bo lesa den corant Dia Luna mainta cu 29 ciudadanos a muri pa via di accidentenan durante week-end, podiser lo bo pensa un poco mas ey riba, promé cu bo bira bo blachi pa bo lesa noticia deportiva.

Tin bez un juez ta castigá chauffeurnan sin cuenta, obligando nan di mira e mortonan causá pa desgracia di auto. Pero un curpa machicá, dunando un ehempel di consecucionian di mal juicio, no ta nada compará cu e escena di e accidente mes. Ningun artista cu ta pinta un preñchi pa borchinan di Seguridad ta risca di pinté den tur su detaye.

Pa e preñchi ey ta completo e mester por duna e sonido y movimientonan, — e esfuerzonan slap y sin doel di esnan heridá ora nan ta purba lamanta; e gruñamento- y quehamentonan; e halamento di rosa ansiá di un ser humano ora cu drenta drenta su curpa despues cu e promé susto a pasa; e preñchi mester muestra e expresión slap riba cara di un homber, kens di spanto, ta weita su pia kibrá trocí na spanto di un S; e efecto machicá y desgraciado di curpa di un mucha inocente, despues cu tur sur wesonan a worde pushá p'aden; un muher histérica chorrio drento di kibra cu su bibe e chorrio dikidi di sanger cu ta yena su wowonan y ta corre te na su cachete. Mas detayenan ta inclui wesonan cu ta sali door di carní bibo, ora cu tin fracturanan complicá y e plekkinan corrá cu ta kima, caminda y e paña y cuero a lamta parietw.

Tur esakinan ta consecucionian di tur dia, di e pasión moderno di apuro continuo, apesar di tur e risconan cu nan ta corre. Si por a haci uso di espíritu, anto na cada pasada peligroso un chauffeur lo worde saludá cu queho- gritonan y ademas di esey un escena instructiva di diez of diez-dos cadaver, di tur tamaño, homber y muher, di tur edad, drumí stijf riba e yerba ensangrentá.

Aña pasá un polies a para un auto grandi corrá pa corremento duro. E tata tabata parece un homber di responsabilidad, aparentemente e tabata bai picnic cu su famia y e polies a interrumpi e tata den su excusanan: „Lo mi laga bo bai e bisha aki, pero si bo sigui asina lo bo no dura mucho. Bai numa avor, ma tene poco cuidao." Mas tarde un otro chauffeur a pasa contra e polies si e homber di e auto corrá a haya un boet. „No", e polies di, „mi tabatin duele di dañá nan plezier." „Ta jammer cu bo no a haci", e chauffeur di, „mi a mira na para nan y despues mi a pasa e auto atrobe, 50 milla mas aleeuw, ain-

da mi ta sinti raar ora mi corda loque mi a mira. E auto tabata tur plísá manera un sinfonia di man; ta na e color sô bo por a conocé; tur tabata morto, cu excepción di un di e jioenan, ma esun ey mes lo no yega hospital bibo."

Podiser bo tambe lo sinti raar. Pero ya cu bo no por mira un preñchi cu ningun artista ta risca pinta, anto ta bale ta pena pa bo lesa kico ta consecuencia ora bo tin hunto: gasoline, velocidad y mal juicio. Ningun hende no por yuda cu e hechonan aki ta repugnante. Si bo ta basta wapo pa corre duro y corre risco, anto bo mester ta basta wapo pa wanta e consecucionian. Bo no por stuur un ambulet of mira ora dokter ta traha cu un victima, pero bo por lesa si.

Un automobiel ta traicionero, mescos cu un pushi. Desgracianan cu ta difícil pa realizá e y por bira un proyectil mortal. Manera entusiastonan ta conta, bo ta corre 65 milla manera nada, pero ... 65 pa hora ta 100 pia pa segundo, un velocidad cu ta pone un responsabilidad inhusto riba brakenan y riba acción di refleho humano, y cu por cambia loque ta un facilidad docil den un torro furioso.

Boksmiento, boltermento of slipmento, cada tipo di accidente ta produci un stop mortalmente repentino, of un cambio di dirección fatal, y siendo cu esun cu ta aden — ke meen ABO — ta sigui den e mes dirección y cu e velocidad original, tur superficie y tur hoeki di e interior di e auto ta bira un proyectil destructivo, cu ta mik riba bo, imperdonablemente. Bo no por bai contra e leyman imperativo di movimiento.

Ta mescos cu si bo tira bo curpa for di Catarata di Niagara den un barrí di staal yen di elabo. E mihor cos cu por pasa cu bo — y esaki ta socedé may rara bez — ta si ora e porta dal habri bo por cai afor, asina cu ta cu suela si bo tin di haci. Pero suela ta dura, y si bo worde gezwaai afor, ta mescos cu si bo cai foi di un trein na careda. Pero alomenos bo a scapa e spatmento mortal di konopos di metaal y scherfman di glas p'aden di e auto.

Tur cos di mundo por pasa den esun momento, hasta e scapamentonan afortuná cu bo a yega di tende cu a pasa. Tin bez hendenan ta pasa door di windshield cu algun rascá menor. Autonan a yega di dal na otro, kedando na wiri-wiri, y e ocupantenan ta sali sin herida y dos minuut despues nan ta descuti amargamente. Pero La Muerte tabata ey di tur moda — pero e bishanan ey e tabata practicando su privilegio di haci su kier.

Na cumzamento di e aña aki nan a habri porta di un auto cu a bolter den un rooi y e chauffeur a sali afor cu solamente un rascá na su cara. Pero su mama tabata aden ainda, un pida palo di e dak a bora su cabez, drenta su seso cuater duim; esey tabata resultado di e skina cu su jioe a cohe mucho skerpi y mucho lihé. Nada di sanger, nada di wesonan horriblemente trocí, solamente un cadaver cu cabez blanco cu ainda tabata tene su tas den scochi, manera el a tené ora cu el a sinti e auto kita for di caminda. Na e mes un skina un luna despues un auto lihé a dal contra un mata. Mei-mei riba e asiento p'adilanti nan a haya un rebey di nuebe luna, rondón di glas kibrá y toch sin ningun herida. Ha, ha, ha!!! el a hunga La Muerte un bon pego, pero jammer cu e mama cu e tata di e beby a dañá tur e chasco, pues nan tur dos na cada banda di e rebey a keda morto instantáneamente, kibrando nan craneo contra e windshield.

Ora bo ta bai pasa otro autonan bo dilanti, sin cu bo por mira bon kico ta bini di e otro banda, puntra tur esnan cu ta den e auto si nan tin nan rijbewijs of nan pasaporte, of algun papel cu por identificá nan, pasobra ta difícil pa reconocé un hende ora cu tur su cara ta plamá of machicá. La Muerte su favorito ta e chauffeur. Si e stuurwiel keda henter, e ta kibra sea su hiegra of su gal y di es moda e ta sangra internamente te muri. Of... si e stuurwiel kibra, tur cos ta reglá pasobra e bara di e stuur-wiel ta bora su barica.

No ta tur ora boksmentonan ta socede na skinanan peligroso. Ta camindanan largo y recto ta duna chauffeurnan gana di corre duró pasa otronan su dilanti. Na e mes momento un auto ta reis di otro banda, full-speed. Na ultimo momento tur ta busca moda di drenta den rij trobe, pero tur espacio ta cerrá. Mientras cu e autonan cu ta den liña na banda drechi ta worde forzá den rooi na boltermento of contra un coral of muraya, e otronan ta contra otro cara cu cara, den un golpi cu ta machicá, spat y zwaainan, pone nan haci carambola contra e otronan. Un polies a yega di describi un accidente asina — cinco actu den otro, siete morto instantáneo, dos morto na caminda pa hospital, y dos morto mas despues. E accidente a keda mas clá den su memoria di loque e mes tabata desea — e moda cu e dokter a kita for di un homber morto pa e examiná un muher cu su lomba kibrá; e tres cadavernan cu nan a saka foi un auto henteramente tapá cu azeta, cu nan no tabata parece hende mas, ma nan tabata duna impresión di tres cigá grandi muhá; un homber ta bula aki, bula aya, ta papia sô, sin sâ di e mortonan ni di e muribundonan rond di djé, sin sâ tampoco di e pida staal manera un puñal pasá door di su bols cu ta choria sanger.

Tin cierto desgracianan cu ta típico di boltermento. Por ehempel, tur dos heup kibrá, cu ta garanzá lunanan agonizante-drumí, inmóvil, podiser mancarón pa resto di bida — weso di lomba kibrá, rudianan machicá y schouderbladnan na splinter ora cu bo dal na bandanan di e auto ora cu e zwaai y tambe e consecucionian mortal di ribchinar kibrá, cu ta hinka curazon y pulmonnan cu nan puntanan skerpi. E hemorragia interno cu ta sigui no ta menos peligroso.

Glas cu ta spat—glas di seguridad no ta universal ainda—ta contribuí su parti na e espectáculo di accidente. No ta corta sô e ta corta—e pida-pidanman ta drenta manera cu ta un cañon armá cu botter kibrá nan ta tira den bo cara, y un scherf mandá den un wowo cu un vert asina grandi ta nificá ceguiedad sigur. Un pia of brasa cu pasa door di windshield ta corta limpi afor, door di weso, cabuya y bena manera un beefsteek bao di cuchú di carniceiro, y den un caso asina masha poco tempo ta necesario pa hende perde un cantidad fatal di sanger. Ni glas di seguridad mes no ta henteramente sigur ora cu un auto dal contra algo na un velocidad grandi; bo ta tendé storianan pintoresca, con un curpa humano ta traha un burnita buraco den e glas cu su cabez — e glas ta wanta, e schouderman ta pega y e rand fini y skerpi ta kap e curpa limpi afor mes nechi cu si tabata un guillotina.

Of, siguiendo cu e patronchi di decapitación, si bo corre dal contra un coral cu trali di hero, bo ta lubida tur otro dolor, ora cu un di e heronan pasa door di windshield, y corta bo cabez afor cu su punta tur na splinter; podiser e no ta slice e mes nechi cu e glas, ma con que sea cabez y curpa ta keda separá. Hopi biaha nan sa haya gurpanan cu nan zapatonan kitá y nan pianan kibrá deformadamente. E zapatonan ta den auto ainda, bashi y nechi geveter. Esey ta e resultado nan di velocidadnan moderno.

Pero ya eseynan ta cosnan di rutina. Pa bo keda memorizá individualmente den mentenan di dokter — y poliesnan, bo mester haci algo mes grandioso cu e señora cu a rementá e windshield cu su cabez, spat splinter di glas riba tur e otronan den auto y djei, ora cu e auto a lora di banda e tambe a lora di un skina di windshield pa e otro, cortando su cabez afor di un oreca pa otro. Of, loque bo por haci tambe ta di parkeer bo auto anochi pegá cu bira di un skina y para dilanti di e luz di atras mientras cu bo ta kita e spare tire, lo cual lo haci bo keda perpetuamente den memoria di algun hende como e homber cu a keda plechá tres pia hancho y dos dum diki mei-mei di su mes auto y un truck grandi. Of haci algo original manera e pareha cu a worde gezwaai di un roadster; cada un a kibra un di e baranan di cada banda di windshield na pasada y henter ariba di nan cabez te nan wenkbrauwman a worde kitá afor.

Nada di esakinan ta storianan imaginá pa spanto hende; esakinan no ta nada otro sinta realidad amarga di estadísticonan di anja, manera dokter- y poliesnan ta mira tur ora den cumplimiento di nan deber.

Ta difícil pa haya un victima di accidente cu a scapa cu ta capaz di papia. Ora bo bini bij, e dolor cu bo ta sinti ta come den henter bo curpa, ta causá pa via cu tur bo dos sleutelbeendon (e wesonan di garganta pa schouder) ta kibrá, tur bo dos schouderbladnan ta garná, bo man drechi ta kibrá na tres caminda y tres ribchi ta gekraak, cu tur chens di un fractura internal. Pero e dolor no por stroba bo di sinti, despues cu e susto a pasa, cu bo ora ta yegando. Bo no por lubida esey, ni ora cu nan ta liza bo di suela pone riba e baar y cu bo ribchinar kibrá ta hinka bo pulmonnan y puntanan skerpi di bo sleutelbeen ta slip pencha bo na cada banda di bo garganta cu ta kima. Oro bo stop di grita, anto bo ta realizá tur cos — bo ta muriendo y bo ta odia bo mes pa e bestialidad cu bo cometé. Esey no ta imaginación tampoco, ta asina bo ta sinti bo si bo tabata un di e 36,000.

Y ki ora cu bo ta bai pasa un skina peligroso, ki ora cu bo subi un caminda cu ta slip, ki ora cu bo preta mas duro di loque ta sigur pa bo, ki ora cu bo ta corre cu bo sintir obscurecé pa via di un bitter of dos, ki ora cu bo ta corre mucho pegá cu esun bo dilanti, bo ta hunga cu sanger, agonía y morto repentino.

Imaginá bo cu bo ta mira e homber den su uniform blanco ta sagudi su cabez over di bo y ta bisa e cargadornan di baar di laga bo numa y e ta bira su lomba laga bo, pa e bai cerca un otro, cu no ta henteramente morto ainda. Imaginá bo mes den tal situación y anto... tene poco mas cuidao.



# NEWS AND VIEWS

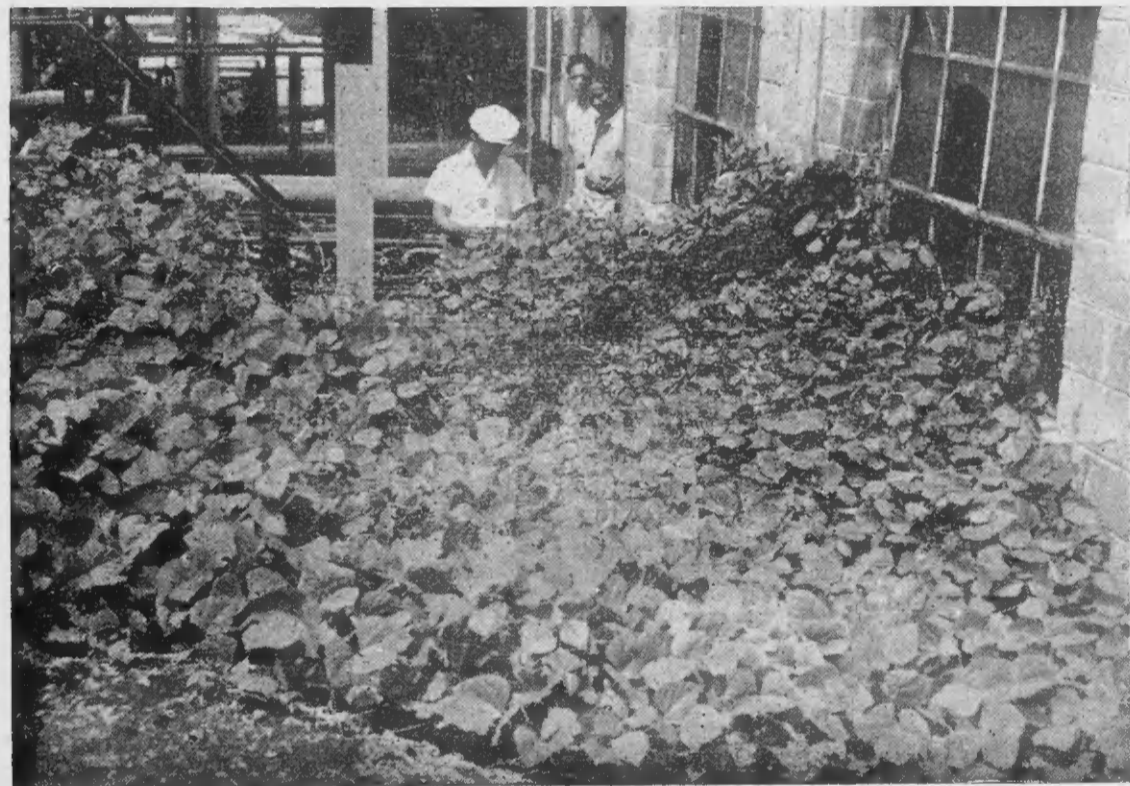


In the midst of a forest of pipes, valves and tanks grows this bit of nature at the Propane Plant. Cared for by two Gas Plant men, the vine seen here (locally known as Bonnofees) started from just a sprout and grew to this size. Jose Sneek is giving it his approval assisted by H. F. Walcott and (behind him) Victoriano Bermudes. The men say it will bear beans some time around November.

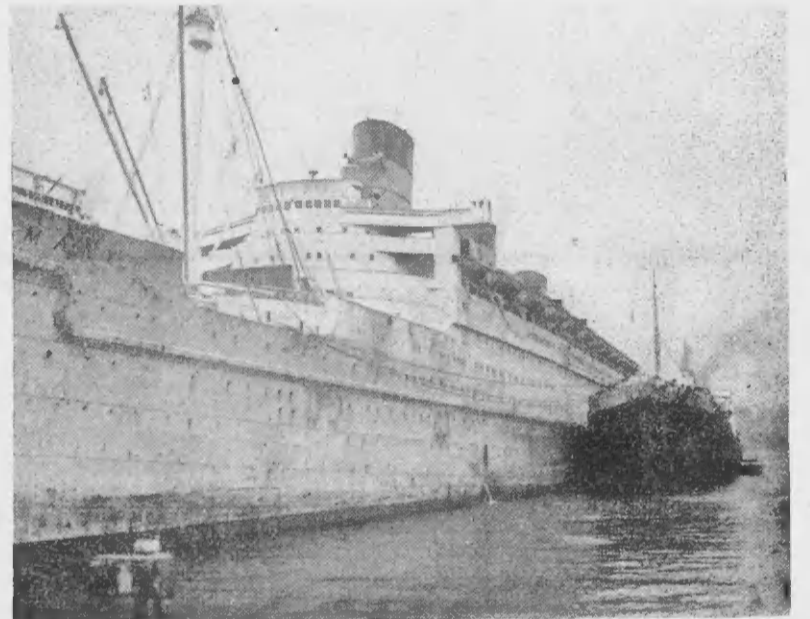
Mei-mei di un cantidad di pipa, kraanchi y tanki, was por mira e pida naturaleza aki na Propane Plant. Dos homber di Gas Plant ta cuida e mata di bonnofees aki, cu na principio no tabata sino un spruit chikitico. Riba e portret nos ta mira Jose Sneek ta admirá e mata hunto cu H. F. Walcott y (p'atras di djé) Victoriano Bermudes. E hombernan ta bisa cu pa banda di November e mata lo carga boonchi

The caption-writer started to count noses in the picture above, so he could say authoritatively "above are so-and-so many apprentices". At about 57, though, he was hopelessly lost, and can only offer an estimate that something over 200 apprentices, instructors, and others connected with the program appear in the picture. The group was formed just before the opening of Massell Field for the boys' recess sports.

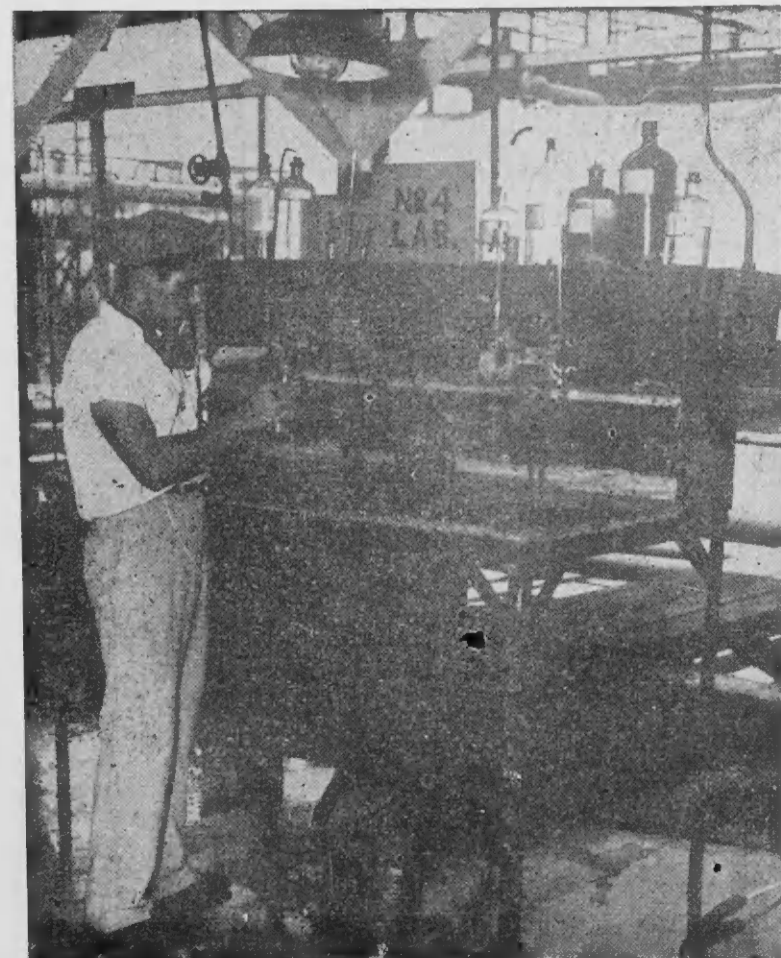
Nos a busca tur moda di conta cuanto hende tin riba e portret, pero tur biaha cu nos a yega banda di 57 nan ey, nos tabata tur bruhá. De la manera cu nos por duna solamente un cálculo cu tin mas e menos 200 aprendiz, instructor- y otronan cu tin di haci cu e programa riba e portret. E grupo a worde saká net promé cu habrimento di Massell Field, sportveld pa e mucha-hombenan den nan tempo liban.



In Aruba the PETER HURLL is considered a fair-sized ship. But alongside the Queen Mary in New York harbor she could almost pass for a captain's gig. She is seen loading the ocean mammoth with fuel when the liner was serving as a troopship during the war.



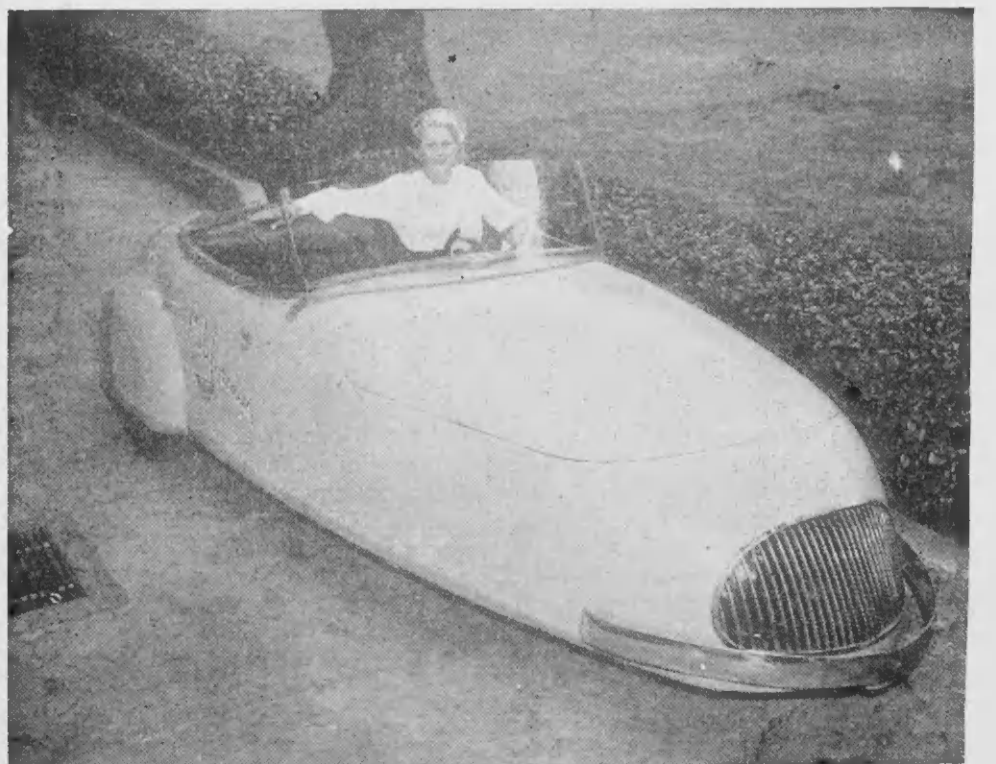
Na Aruba nos tin PETER HURLL un vapor di tamaño regular. Pero banda di Queen Mary na haaf di New York, casi e por pasa pa un boto di rema. Aki nos ta mire ta carga Queen Mary cu azeta, tempo cu e vapor gigantesco tabata sirbi como vapor pa tropanan durante di guerra.

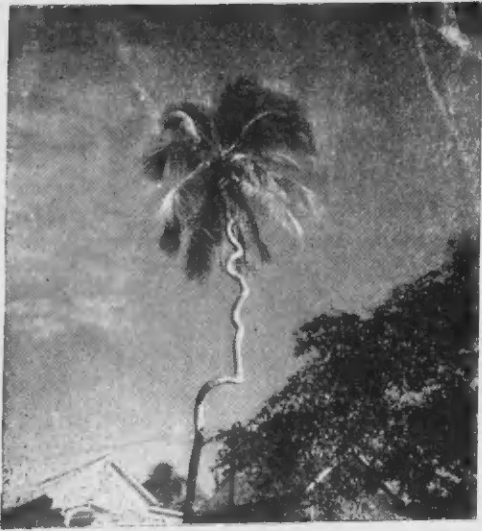


Ask anyone in T.S.D. about Laboratories No. 1, 2, or 3, and they can tell you all about it. It may come as a surprise to some of them, though, that there is also a No. 4 Lab. (left) tucked away in the Sweetening Plant. The sign in this case is almost as big as the "laboratory", which consists entirely of this bench and the few pieces of equipment with which minor tests are run by Sweetening Plant employees. Luis Donata is shown doing a kerosene sample test. (The goggles around his neck are kept handy for other work where he needs them).

Blonde, beautiful, and streamlined—both of them, obviously. The car is a super-special having three wheels and a light motor capable of 110 miles an hour. Don't expect to find them in Oranjestad showrooms next month. The girl is Joan Fulton, now getting a Hollywood buildup by Universal Studio.

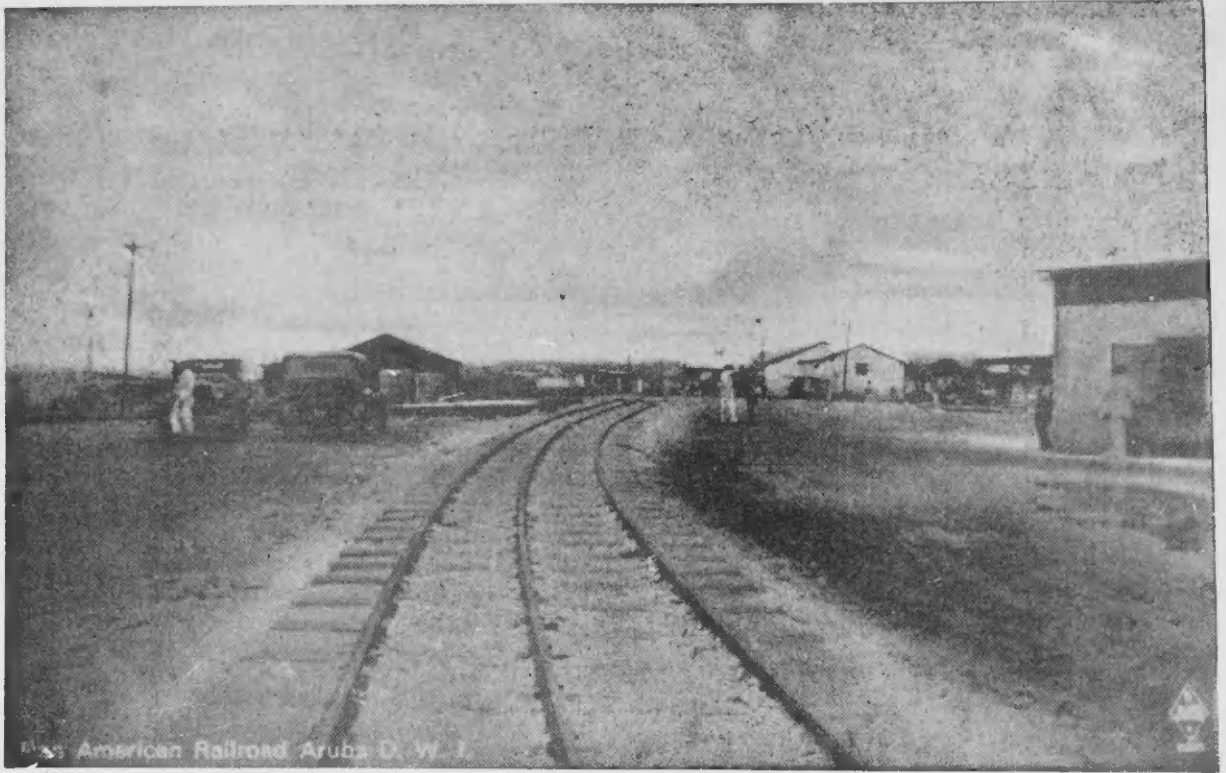
Esta bonital Kico, e auto of e mucha? Tur dos ta "streamlined" tambe. E auto ta un masha especial di tres wiel, y cu un motor liher cu por manda 110 milla pa ora. E muchamuher ta Joan Fulton, cu Universal Studio ta preparando pa Hollywood.





Cocoanut palms generally grow in graceful curves but here is one that overdid it. This snake-like affair was pictured by H.C. Bentham of the Electrical Department while he was on vacation in British Guiana from February to April.

Matanan di coco ta crece cu curva masha bunita, ma esun aki a hacié di mas. E mata cu parce colebra aki, ta saká pa H. C. Bentham di Electrical Department tempo cu e tabata cu vacante na British Guiana, di Februari te April.



The sleepy scene above is far different from the present-day bustle of the refinery's busiest spot. Taken from an early-1929 postcard lent to the ESSO NEWS by W. Bool of Accounting, it shows the head of the Main Dock, looking west. At right is a corner of the old White House, and in the background at right center is the present Wholesale Commissary building (enlarged several times in the last 17 years). Note the racy-looking 1928 model cars at left.

E bista keto aki ta henteramente diferente for di e buya di awendia na e lugar di mas activo di refinaria. E ta reproduci di un postal di principio di 1929 cu W. Bool di Accounting a fia ESSO NEWS. E portret ta saká di banda p'ariba di Main Dock. Na banda drechi nos ta mira un huki di White House bieuw, y mas atras e edificio di Wholesale Commissary (cu a worde engrandeci varios bez durante 17 anja.) Ripará e autonon sport model 1928 na banda robes.



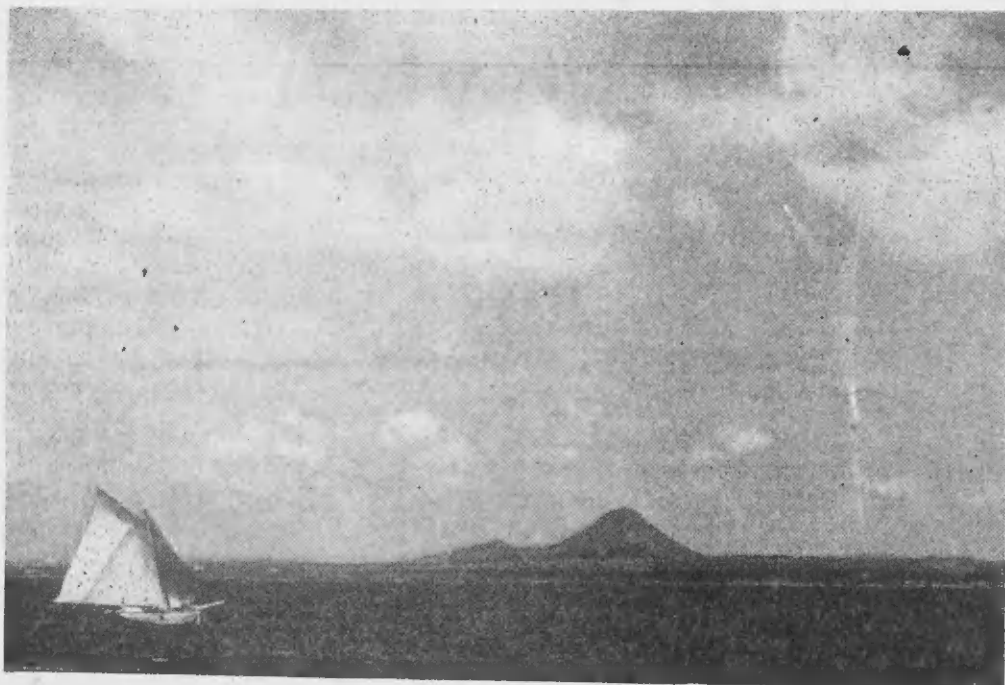
A schooner out of Oranjestad starts the long hard pull to Curaçao. The trip from the capital island to Aruba is an overnight pleasure cruise with a following wind, but travelling the other direction is often a two-day struggle against the wind and current, with countless tacks.

Un barco di bela di Oranjestad ta sail pa bal Corsouw. E blaha di Corsouw pa Aruba ta un blaha di un anochi, ora cu e barco ta bal cu biento, pero biahando di Aruba pa Corsouw hopi bez sa ta un lucha di dos dia contra biento, cu cu hopi tek.

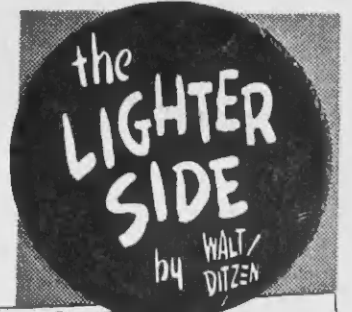


Daniel Oduber of the Marine Office left June 24 to go to work in Maracaibo and to join his future bride there. Daniel started work for the Company as an apprentice in September 1942. He is seen here receiving from the hands of Policarpo Tromp a wristwatch as a farewell gift from his friends.

Daniel Oduber di Marine Office a bai Maracaibo pa traha dia 24 di Juni, unda lo e casa pronto. Daniel a cuminsá traha pa Compania como aprendiz na September di 1942. Aki nos ta miré ta ricibi di Policarpo Tromp un boloshi di man, como un regalo di despedida di su amigonan.



A silver cream and sugar set and some cake plates were presented as a wedding gift to Pansy Johnson of the Colony Commissary by her co-workers there. She was married to Raymond Williams of the Acid Plant June 26. The ceremony took place at Miss Johnson's home, Essoville No. 40. David Gray of the Plant Commissary is making the presentation.



Sigur mi per stuur-carga mi hiba don (hic) auto mi ta musta bo (hic).



Mes di 2,000,000 trahador-ma di Merca a hiba des-gracia fo'i trabao na 1944.

## Three-Quarter Century No Obstacle

When a man digs a well six feet in diameter and 108 feet deep through solid coral with nothing but crude hand tools, that's news. But when the man is 74 years old and will be 75 in September, then it's one for Ripley.

Such was the feat of Johannes Rasmijn, 74-year-old former employee in the Carpenter Department, who on June 21 struck good sweet water at 108 feet in a well he has dug in a field next to his house on Weg Naar Sero Pretoe (Road to the Black Hill), half a mile north of San Nicolas. And he did the whole job alone, except for some help from his wife and an assortment of small-sized grand-children.

### Started 30 years ago.....

It was in 1916 (before many of the readers of this page were born) that Shon Rasmijn took out a permit to dig his well, and first broke ground. He had the big hole down about ten feet (you can still see the mark) when the war-time sugar boom in Cuba beckoned, and like countless other Aruban men he was off to the northern island's sugar cane fields. It was 30 years before he crawled into the hole again.

He was in Curaçao for a number of years, and worked for Lago from 1930 to 1940. It was to be still another six

At right, Johannes Rasmijn, 74, stands next to the 108-foot well he hacked out of solid coral with only hand tools. Heaped beside him is a very small part of the substantial portion of Aruba he dug and hoisted out of the hole.

years before he got back to his digg-ang. On January 2, 1946, he started scraping and chiselling away again at the bottom of the hole, and in just under six months he found what he was looking for.

In these days of dynamite and compressed-air drills it is remarkable that the job was done entirely with small hand drills that he made out of iron bars on his own forge. For whatever help it gave, he made a practise of burning old automobile tires on the bottom to help soften the coral for his bits.

At supper June 21 he told his family he thought water must be near, then went back down the well to work by the light of a wick burning in a Bols bottle full of kerosene. At eight o'clock the water came in almost with a spurt, and he had to get out, as it soon rose to a depth of ten feet.

It remains now only to cement the top of the well (probably a simple job for this spry young man of 74) and after some formalities with the Government, he will be ready to start selling the water he spent 30 years finding.



## Bachelors Conquer Spouses



Here are the gladiators at half-time during the football match between the Lago Heights Bachelors and the L. H. Married Men. At this point the score stood at 3-2 in favor of the Married Men. At the top, standing left to right are G. Brower (referee), S. Alleyne, J. Da Silva, J. Arrias, D. Lashley, J. De Vries, A. Matthews, Kneeling, F. Warner, J. De Freitas, F. Da Silva, H. Nassy, and S. Wellman. In the bottom picture are the Bachelors. Standing, at left, G. Brower (he gets around), D. Sibilo, I. Gordyke, D. Viapree, L. Fernandes, J. Dutler, A. Gonsalves, C. Limes, Z. Khan, H. De Freitas, K. Wong, A. Teixeira, and G. MacPherson.

In a twenty-minute overtime period the Lago Heights Bachelors extended themselves and eked out a 5-4 football win from the L. H. Married Men, June 16. The game was a red-hot affair all the way through and both outfits played sterling football. A bit of comedy relief was furnished by the Bachelors' August Gonsalves who had a hard time keeping himself and his shoes together. When he kicked the ball nobody knew whether it or his shoe would fly.

To give the Married Men another shot at them, the Bachelors agreed to a return match July 7.

### Any Notches Left?

(See page 2)

Total all employees: \$64,298—

During 1945 a total of \$64,298 was granted in "Coin Your Ideas" awards to employees in the 25 affiliates of S. O. Co. (N.J.), according to the annual report of the Central C.Y.I. Committee.

Initial awards, 2,355 of them, added up to \$40,464, and 116 supplemental awards totalled \$20,265. (Balance in other types).

## AROUND THE PLANT

Sidney Alexander of the Instrument Department married Anne Marie Laviniere at St. Theresa's Church in San Nicolas June 25. A reception followed the wedding at the couple's home in San Nicolas. Both the bride and groom hail from Dominica.

After a considerable delay due to illness, Aubrey Manton of the Drydock is at last taking his long vacation. He left July 1 to spend 14 weeks at his home in St. Vincent visiting his parents.

Almost four years ago Roman Kock had his last vacation. Now he thinks it is time for another one. He stopped his work as a mechanic at the Drydock June 26 and went home to rest for a while.

Mohan Lall and his family left for Barbados by way of Trinidad June 19. They flew all the way and it will be 13 weeks before the M. & C. field Zone Office sees him back at work.

Godfrey Heyliger of the Instrument Department and Beatrice Livingstone were married at the Church of St. Theresa in San Nicolas June 19. A reception followed the wedding. The couple will live in San Nicolas.

Raymond Williams, who works at the Acid Plant, celebrated his marriage to Pancey Johnson June 26. The ceremony took place at the Catholic Church in San Nicolas.

### Local Welfare Group Observes Second Anniversary of Founding

With over 500 persons in attendance, the Netherlands Windward Islands Welfare Association celebrated its second anniversary at the Cecilia theater June 9.

The Association was founded two years ago for the purpose of fostering among the people of the Windward Islands of the Netherlands West Indies social and educational improvements.

President W. Hilman greeted the members and their friends and expressed the hope that the organization would continue in its good work for many years. Included in the speeches on the program was one from a representative of the sister group in Curaçao. Later in the day refreshments were served and music was provided by the United Swingsters orchestra.

### Sport Park Cricket Continues

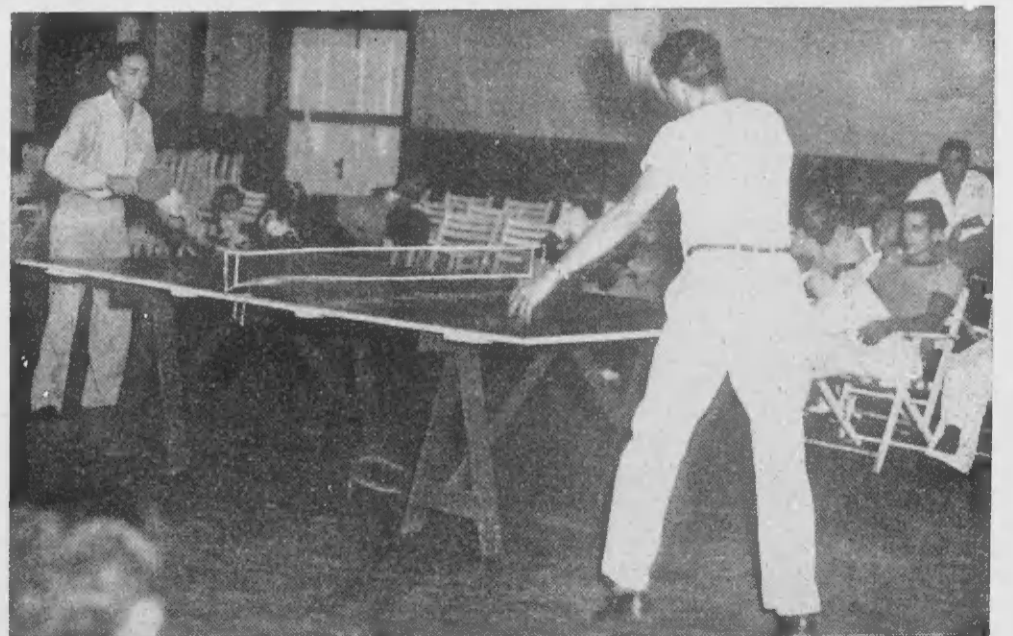
The matches recently played in the cricket competition now running at the Sport Park produced some fine cricket with good scores and bowling.

In a match June 16, Grenada C.C. trounced Sports Park C.C. to the tune of 201 to 89. The outstanding performers of Grenada were V. Collins with a high score of 49 and two 3-wicket bowlers, M. Edwards and C. Nicholas. High men for Sports Park were T. Johnson with 32 runs and J. Sharpe who took 4 wickets.

Victoria C. C. beat the West Indian C. C. 132 to 93, June 23. For Victoria as high scorer was L. Anthony with 34, not out. Victoria's R. Walker stole the bowling honors for the day by taking 6 wickets. West Indian's high scorer was K. Wong with 31 and the best bowler was S. Bacchus taking 3 wickets.



Joseph de Freitas drives a hard one at Pedro Mirep in the first match of the ping-pong series at the Lago Club June 23. Those drives, mixed with skill in other departments of the game, won him his match in straight games, 21-10 and 21-13. Seated at right is referee H. Lawrence.



### Delayed Reaction

Old-timers had an old joke called to mind last week when the S.S. "George G. Henry" was put on the crude oil run between Aruba and Maracaibo. In the very old days, before there was any tankage at San Nicolas, the "Henry" was tied up at Oranjestad for a time as depot ship into which the

### Bolivariana Bows to Lago Club In Week End Ping-Pong Matches

Fast and furious ping-pong was displayed at the Lago Club June 23 when a team of Lago Heights ping-pong-ers met and defeated a visiting team from the Sociedad Bolivariana in five straight matches. It was the return engagement of some matches played in Oranjestad some time ago, which the Lago team also won.

Table tennis enthusiasts at the Lago Club hope to be able to start a series of Sunday matches in the near future.

The results of June 23 were:  
J. De Freitas defeated P. Mirep, 21-10, 21-13.  
L. Bryan defeated C. Zeppenfeldt, 21-15, 15-21, 21-10.  
R. Murray defeated F. Croes, 14-21, 21-19, 21-17.  
C. Faria defeated E. Croes, 21-17, 22-20.  
I. Mendes defeated M. Croes, 24-22, 21-17.

The players were ably assisted by H. Lawrence who acted as referee.

lake tankers discharged their cargoes. Men of the Fleet still remember being irritated when the blue-water skipper on the ocean tanker would yell over the side "Hey, you on the barge".

Now, 20 years later, the "Henry" is temporarily a "barge" itself. Unfortunately for the Fleet's revenge, however, the irritating skipper of 20 years ago is probably long since retired.